

## A DISGRACEFUL SCENE IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

We copy from the Morning Post, the following description of the disgusting and heartless conduct of the individuals, who assembled to witness the execution of Prescott, at Hopkinton, N. H., agreeably to the sentence pronounced, and who were excited to indignation bordering on madness, when they received intelligence that he was relieved. The conduct of these thousands of men and women, who it appears assembled from all parts of the State, to witness this revolting scene—the last agonies of a fellow being, is a stain upon the character of New England; it is more—it is disgraceful to human nature. This adds another proof, to the many which have been adduced during the past year, to show that something is radically wrong in the systems of moral education pursued in this country.—Continued.

"As the day appointed for his execution drew near, and there being a general conviction among the intelligent portion of the inhabitants of Hopkinton, where Prescott was confined in the jail, and the neighborhood, who had had opportunities of becoming acquainted with him, that by reason of general mental imbecility, or perhaps partial insanity, he might not be a proper subject for capital punishment, a petition was got up and presented to the Governor, and a brief respite obtained till the Council could be convened, and a further investigation of the matter held. The fact of this temporary respite was scarcely known beyond the limits of the village of Hopkinton, and on the evening of the 22d and the morning of the 23d December—the day first appointed for the execution—a vast multitude of people, male and female, both from the neighboring and remote towns, poured into the village, to witness the exciting spectacle of the public execution of a malefactor—a spectacle never before exhibited in the county of Merrimack. On the 23d, after reconnoitering every corner of the village, its high-ways and by-ways, without finding any 'convenience' for the execution erected, the sagacious assemblage took it into their heads that the deadly mandate of the law was to be carried into effect privately, in the jail, situated on a little abrupt elevation, about a quarter of a mile north of the heart of the village, and kept by Andrew Leach, Esq., Deputy Sheriff.

The jail is a two story wooden building, originally designed merely for a dwelling house. The front part of the lower story, and the entire second story, has always been occupied by Mr. Leach's family, while the rear half of the lower story, (separated from the front by a narrow passage,) being converted into three cells, has been used as the prison, the entrance to them being either through the kitchen, an appendage to the north-end of the front of the main building, or through the front door of the dwelling house. On the 23d of December, Mr. Leach's family consisted of himself, his wife, a married daughter, (Mrs. Clarissa Chase,) who had recently been confined, but had so far recovered as to be able to sit up a portion of the day, and her young daughter, and the infant son. In addition to the persons referred to, there were of course such servants as were necessary to assist in taking care of, and providing for the prisoners confined in the jail. We have been thus minute in describing the building, and the members of the family, in order that the scene which follows may be better understood, and its disgraceful and shameful character more fully appreciated by the reader.

The suspicion of a private execution, before alluded to, ripened into a conviction, as the sun rolled on towards the meridian, without any sign or "busy note of preparation" for a public "salutary example" being manifested or heard; and the impatient multitude, believing that they were to be defrauded of their anticipated spectacle of the dying agonies of a mere boy, stupid beyond example, if not actually idiotic, but not more destitute of the nobler traits and distinguishing characteristics of a civilized human being than themselves, they became highly exasperated, and by common consent, rather than any concert of action, proceeded in dense, but detached masses toward the jail, in front of which they concentrated to the number of fifteen hundred or two thousand. Many of them were much excited with liquor, but the chief portion were excited with a wild and barbarous apprehension of deception and disappointment, after journeys of even fifty and sixty miles. The more valorous and clamorous ascended the acclivity on which the jail stood, and, approaching the windows and doors, demanded, in vociferous and imperative tones, *when and where* the expected execution was to take place. They were promptly and simply answered, that Prescott was not to be executed on that day, nor was it known when he would be. This answer—true to the letter—the jealous diplomatists received with loud cheers and utter contempt. They were not born yesterday, nor under a cabbage, to be come over by such nonsense. They knew that Prescott was to be hanged that day, and the selfish folks in the house, together with their select friends and invited guests, were to have all the fun themselves. It was in vain that Mr. Leach at the top of his voice, time and again, reiterated his solemn assurances that they were absolutely and entirely mistaken, and laboring under an extraordinary delusion.

Mrs. Leach, too, dreading lest the disturbance around the building might alarm and agitate her invalid daughter, informed the rioters of her critical condition, and implored them to retire, for the sake of humanity; but her anxious, and, as the sequel has proved, fatally prophetic fears were derided even by the women, who, losing all sense of the wonted delicacy and decency of their sex, and traces of womanhood, fiercely pressed, in close contact with the men, towards the accessible points of the house.—One woman to whom Mrs. Leach remarked that she was "afraid the noise would kill her daughter," brutally replied, that she "didn't care, and hoped it would kill her." Men, women and children ascending the wooden piles, scaled the fence of the prison yard, while others approaching in front, burst into the kitchen and front doors, and gained entrance to the narrow passage way into

which the prison cells open. In this confined pass there occurred a scene, unexampled in real life, and which imagination never descended to invent or portray.

The prisoners had broken the glass in a small sash, designed to admit light into their cell, and to keep the cold out as well as might be. Mr. Leach had closed up with some pieces of board. This fixture caught the eyes of the more forward of the mob, who so savagely hungered and thirsted, as it were, for the sight of poor Prescott's last mortal throes and death struggle.—"Here," they frantically exclaimed; "here is the place they are to hang him," and in an instant the temporary defence against the cold was ripped from the aperture, as if it were merely a piece of paper. The rush to get a view of what was supposed to be going on, that followed this announcement, was shocking and dreadful—not less than fifty were wedged into a space where a dozen could not stand at ease. Women, shrieking for their lives, were lifted up by the pressure, till their heads struck the ceiling above, and they, in turn, unavailingly beseeched to be permitted to retire.

While this revolting scene was enacting within the house, another equally disgusting and ferocious was exhibited outside. Curses, loud and deep, and savage threats, were uttered against Mr. Leach, unless he would bring Prescott out, that they might lynch him. A number of the wretches in front clambered up on to the woodpile, which partially gave way beneath their weight, and the sons and daughters of Belial were seen staggering, reeling, and rolling down into the middle of the road. It was of course impossible for Mrs. Leach, by any human effort or precaution, to prevent their outrages and ruffianly yells from reaching the ears of her sick daughter. She frequently and distinctly heard the horrible threats uttered against both Prescott and her father, and her apprehensions for his safety terrified her to such a degree that her reason became unsettled, and every expedient resorted to to calm her perturbed spirits, was ineffectual.

Towards evening the rioters, sick of hope deferred, suddenly began to retire, chagrined at their disappointment. One infuriated and intoxicated brute made an expiring effort to seize Prescott, and offered, if fifty men would join him, to go down to the village to procure axes, with which to storm and demolish the jail. Six, however, only joined his standard, and he abandoned his gallant project, and mingling with the receding crowd, was not seen again in the quiet village of Hopkinton. After the noises and consternation ceased, Mrs. Chase became somewhat composed, and might have recovered from the fright, if another hostile demonstration had not been made about 10 o'clock at night. A rumor became prevalent that the execution was to take place at that hour, in the jail, and about fifty marched up there in a body, and renewed the disturbance, and partly effected an entrance into the kitchen.

After much entreaty and explanation, they were induced to retire, but not until the fresh alarm had caused Mrs. Chase to relapse into another paroxysm, from which she never recovered. For eight and forty hours she lingered in a state of heart-rending delirium—at times exclaiming in the bitterest anguish that the mob were killing her father, and at others repaying the assiduous attentions and soothing endeavors of her afflicted mother, with the wild unmeaning laugh of insanity. After the second attack, she never indicated any consciousness of her situation, and at the close of the second day, death drew his veil over the tragic and melancholy scene. She has left two very young children—the eldest, a daughter, only twenty-one months, and the youngest, an infant son, only a week old, on the day of her death. She was the only surviving child of her bereaved parents, and was greatly beloved by a large circle of friends for her amiable character, and greatly admired for her accomplishments. She was twenty-two years of age, and had been married about three years, to Robert F. Chase, Esq., the United States Consul at Martinique, who is at this very moment fondly expecting her to join him, in the spring, at his consulate.

From the Cincinnati Whig.

**GREAT AND IMPORTANT INVENTION.**  
**STEAM SUPERSEDED.**—Our ingenious townsman, Mr. Alexander Mc Grew has invented a mode for obtaining and applying power for the purpose of propelling Cars up on Canals and Rivers, which we deem of the utmost importance, and which in our opinion must sooner or later in a great measure supersede the use of steam. The power is derived from condensed air, obtained and applied, in a manner so cheap and simple, as to render the expense a matter of little or no consequence. Air used in the manner proposed by Mr. M. G. has advantages over steam, in many essential particulars. It is infinitely less liable to explosion, but in case of such an event, its power to do mischief, is greatly diminished, being unconnected with boiling water. It is likewise much more safe in consequence of its not involving the slightest danger from fire. Where cars or boats are propelled by steam, there is constantly danger from this, and numerous instances of immense destruction of life and property have therefore, occurred from that element. The annoyance too, arising from the sparks and smoke of steam cars, is very considerable to the traveller, but will be wholly avoided by the use of condensed air. The great and overwhelming superiority, however, of the use of the latter over the former element, consists in its economy. Air may be condensed and used upon the plan under consideration, without scarcely any expense, except that which is incurred in the first instance in repairing the Receivers and the Machinery.

We have witnessed by the politeness of Mr. Mc Grew, the practical operation of this invention, and are fully convinced of its entire success. Mr. Mc Grew has exhibited his plan to several of the most distinguished Engineers in the United States, all of whom concur in deeming the invention of the highest importance, and declare their belief that it will almost entirely supersede the use of steam.

## MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR.

The New York Herald of Wednesday, says:—A very amiable and beautiful young lady belonging to one of the most respectable families in the city of Hudson, had been engaged for some time to a respectable young gentleman of the same city. In the spring of 1835, they first became acquainted with each other, and after their acquaintance had ripened under the genial breezes of last summer, they became affianced to each other, and the happy consummation was set down for some day in December or January next. Every member of both families approved the match. The lady blushed and looked happy—the gentleman breathed in a species of silent ecstasy. They went on in the smoothest manner imaginable, till about four or five weeks ago a letter was handed to the young lady which caused a great deal of alarm. It read nearly as follows:

Miss —, I have often of late seen you at church and elsewhere. I love you to madness, and no other man of woman born shall marry you but me. Last week you met me going down to the river. I have also frequently met you at certain houses in the city, which you visit. I cannot longer resist the madning feelings which beset my heart—I must and will marry you. How dare you think of giving your hand to such a fellow as —? I have plenty of the goods of this world wherewith to make you happy—but without you I would not care if they were in the bottom of the river. Do not be alarmed at the style I talk to you—when you know me better you will feel none. But that man—that silly beardless youth, who dares to step between the altar and me, I will set aside. Tell him to beware, for I am not to be trifled with. Delay these nuptials. I know the day they are fixed upon—but they must not proceed.—Farewell for the present.

Yours forever,  
On receiving this letter, the amiable young lady could not believe there was any seriousness in the writer. She thought it was a hoax perpetrated by some one to frighten her. She therefore threw it into the grate and burned it up.

A few days after this took place, when the circumstances had almost been forgotten, another note was put into her hands by the postman, addressed to her in the same hand writing with the one already given. She started as she took it. She opened, she read it, but found it was couched in pretty much the same strain as the former. As yet she kept it secret to herself, not even telling the circumstances to her sister or other female confidants.

Not long since she received a still more threatening note containing several curious circumstances which caused even more alarm than ever. The following is nearly a copy:

Miss — I have written to you several times, but I find that no attention has been paid to my letters. On ordinary occasions, it is perhaps proper for a young lady to hold no such communication as I have sent you. But my dear Miss —, do not deceive yourself, mine is no every day affair. You have known me in former days, and when we were both younger than we are now, you pledged your faith to me. You cannot have forgotten the Catskill Mountain House. If you have I have not, nor never will. I am not like many persons in the world to be content to marry any woman provided she has some of this world. I have long since pitched upon you, and you I must have or deaths will follow.

Last Sunday evening you were seated at a late hour on the sofa beside that man who expects to marry you; I overheard every word you said. I could scarcely restrain myself from springing upon the intruder. You agreed to the day he fixed for your nuptials, but again I bid you beware; I forbid the bans. You are mine, and mine forever. To show you that I am not to be trifled with, I took with me your reticule, in which are several letters addressed to you, and thirty dollars in money. I will be honorable with you. I did not take these articles of your property for my own use. No such thing. I have not, nor will I read your private letters. If you will call at the corner of — street, exactly at 4 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon next, you will receive both money and letters. I only took these articles to show you my dear Miss — that I am nearer to you than you imagine. You cannot deceive me, you are unable to cheat me. Do not attempt such, for a love such as mine is, despises death and laughs at law. I am yours forever,

On the receipt of this last note, the young lady made a relation of the whole circumstances to her parents. A good deal of alarm and indignation ensued. A lawyer was instantly called in by the father, and if we are not mistaken, Mr. Jordan the famous breach-of-promise counsellor, was the very one consulted on this mysterious affair. By his advice, joined to that of the parents, the young lady called at the place designated in the last letter. She received a package containing her letters, but neither her money nor her reticule were forthcoming. Two days after, the lady received another letter from her anonymous lover, part of it to the following effect:

I know you have called in Mr. J. to consult about taking the law of me. He will not catch me in my empty meshes, but I may him when he is not aware of it. Your father also is very busy. For your sake I have nothing to say of him; but the fool who presents to you his hand and heart would do well to beware. As to the lawyer I can soon settle his business. Let him attend his terms. What has he to interfere with matters of the heart? Does the corrupt briefless lawyer know any thing of the throbbings of a heart burning with love for my dearest? No, not at all. Do leave all these fools and say when I shall be blest with an interview. Do say.

This affair had now become exceedingly painful to all the parties. The young lady was questioned as to any former acquaintance she had formed with men. She had been introduced to many during the last five summers, in which she was in the habit of visiting Saratoga, and the other fashionable places of resort; but she tasked her memory to no purpose in trying to find out

the anonymous lover who now disturbed her quiet.

On Friday night, previous to the 23d of November last, a brick-bat with a letter attached to it was thrown into the room, thro' the window, smashing the glass, where the family were then sitting round the table consulting what had best be done.

With this closes the last intelligence we have received from Hudson. We expect some further particulars in a day or two. As soon as received it shall be communicated to our readers.

The affair is exceedingly mysterious and has caused a great sensation in Hudson. It is highly probable that the anonymous lover is some desperate fellow, part gentleman, part thief, and part scholar. The whole series of efforts may be a ruse to get money. His not returning the thirty dollars looks a good deal in that direction. He affects a character for a particular purpose, probably to frighten the bridegroom to buy him out. If the people of Hudson choose they may have a Videog from our Police Office, who will soon unravel the plot.

## FEMALE PREACHERS.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 6, 1836.  
About a week or ten days ago two females, attired as quakeresses, made their appearance in this city, and simultaneously commenced operations. One of them, a woman probably of the age of forty or fifty, took her stand in the gallery of the House of Representatives, and commenced, before the House had been called to order, a loud and emphatic prayer, composed of a rhapsody of wild declamation and fanatical denunciation. It was rather a volley of wrath than supplication; but the lady called it a prayer, and it undoubtedly answered all her purposes. Her vehemence was exceedingly annoying, and one of the under-door-keepers was directed to call her to order. The man proceeded to the discharge of his duty; but the woman was not to be silenced by trifles, and on she went till she had arrived at her own voluntary conclusion. The next day she was proceeding to the ladies' gallery, to repeat the act of duty which she said the Angel of God had directed her to discharge; but was prevented, for the door-keeper refused her admittance. On Sunday last, the good lady—I do not doubt she will be called good—with her associate, made her appearance at the Friends' Meeting House in this city, and ascending the high seat, commenced a harangue which made the tabernacle tremble. Her discourse, such as it was, was a compound of fanatical raving; she had had a vision she said, that bade her go forward in advance of the world, and teach mankind that we was upon them, and that the armies of God were about to visit them with death and destruction. Who she is, or from whence she came, no one seems to know; but it is said and generally believed, from the fact that all her discourses partake of the principles of the Anti-Slavery party, that she is a missionary in disguise from that distinguished faction. An abolitionist in petticoats! The good lady has gone somewhere to the South, and I hope may not be so unfortunate as to fall into the hands of His Honor Judge Lynch. His Honor is no respecter of persons—on the contrary, he is a very tiger.

**IMPORTANT.**—We have had access to letters from France, written by persons holding such political stations as entitle them to all the consideration of official organs. They say that the French Ministry will not permit any degree of resentment or other passion to enter into their measures towards the United States, and will do nothing except for the promotion of the best interests of France. That (contrary to what has been so often said,) they will not commence hostilities on account of any measure on the part of the U. States which is short of actual aggression, not even a non-intercourse, and will under no circumstances strike the first blow. Further, that even though Gen. Jackson should use insulting language or recommend hostile measures, no notice will be taken of it by the Government of France; that the indemnity money will be paid on receipt of any communication which can upon the most liberal interpretation be construed as a compliance with the proviso of the bill of appropriation;—and even should no explanation be received during the administration of Gen. Jackson, the money will be remitted to this country immediately on his successor's coming into office. If on the other hand, the United States should commence a war, France will go into the combat with all her resources. The writers of these letters evidently anticipated a very warlike Message from the President at the opening of Congress; so much more so than they will find it to be, that the most intelligent French gentlemen here feel no doubt that the Message will be received as satisfactory.

N. Y. Jour. Com.

**PUBLIC LANDS.**—It appears from the Report of the Secretary of the Treasury, that the proceeds from the sale of Public Lands, during the year 1835, amount to \$9,166,599 89. For various reasons suggested by the Secretary, the avails from this source the ensuing year, are not expected to exceed \$4,000,000. The whole of the lands at present owned by the United States, within the boundaries of the present States and Territories, exceed the vast quantity of three hundred and thirty millions of acres; and west of Missouri and Arkansas, perhaps seven hundred and fifty millions more, of which only seventy or eighty millions have been specially assigned to the Indians, or in any other way absolutely appropriated. The Secretary estimates one fourth of the three hundred and thirty millions, waste and water. Of the whole quantity of lands surveyed and offered at public sale, from 1789 to 1834, being about one hundred and twenty-two millions of acres, it is stated, that not one third of it has been sold for any purpose whatever; and that the whole receipts, from a little under fifty millions of dollars, from the whole sale of public lands during that period, have furnished only a small amount, not exceeding three or four millions of net revenue, beyond the whole cost attending their purchase and management.—*Con. Courant.*

**Massacre at Tampico.**—The following account of the recent massacre at Tampico will be read with intense interest. The circumstances under which it took place were undoubtedly of aggravated and unnecessary cruelty; though in the present state of our information in regard to it, we are unable to form any definite opinion as to the actual relations of the parties, or of the necessity of this wholesale butchery.

It appears by a letter from Tampico that the sufferers were entrapped at New Orleans, under the express stipulation that they were bound for Matagorda and Galveston in Texas; as their clearance in the Schooner Mary Jane, Captain Hall, at the Custom House in New Orleans clearly indicates. It was further stipulated that they should have a free passage and lands, on their arrival. Being induced to join in the expedition of General Melia against Tampico, they were taken prisoners, and twenty-eight of them were shot. Every American in Tampico was exposed to the fate that befell these unfortunate men, and hardly escaped it. The voyage of the Mary Jane, was one of those fitted out at New Orleans, "for the purpose of populating Texas."

The following letter is from one of the individuals put to death.

Tampico, Dec. 13, 9 o'clock, P. M.  
Dear Friends,—I will, in as few words as possible, give you intelligence of my fate, which is an untimely one. To-morrow morning before sunrise, I, together with 27 of my companions, are to be shot, according to orders given by a court martial of Mexican soldiers or officers, for an attack on this city on the night of the 15th of November last. I, for my part, am reconciled to my fate. No use in giving particulars of the battle. I am pretty sure you must have heard them before. I, at the time of the engagement, got a wound in the head with a ball, and another through the right hand. I have been in the hospital until this afternoon, from the morning of the battle. No money can save us; even five thousand dollars were offered for any one individual. There was likewise offered one hundred thousand dollars as a ransom; but the reason of the refusal was, that they want to deter others from the cause of Liberty. This is a regular massacre. We should have been treated as prisoners of war. I hope the American Nation will revenge our lives. I have but a few hours to live, so God bless you all. Farewell—Adieu.

JAMES FARRELL.

I cannot write well—excuse me.  
To Messrs. DUBOIS & GARRETON, New Orleans.

**Important from Maracaibo.**—The Philadelphia Herald of Tuesday furnishes the following interesting intelligence in a letter dated Maracaibo, Nov. 29th, 1835.

"We are in the same unsettled state as when I last wrote you, and in a much more critical situation, as we are closely blockaded by the Constitutional squadron, consequently no vessels are permitted to come up to this city.

"We are, I can assure you in a most deplorable situation, and the inhabitants are on the point of starvation, which must certainly be their fate, in case the government does not speedily send an ample force to expel the Revolutionists from the city. There is not a barrel of flour to be had at any price, it having been all monopolized by the insurgents; and plantains, which is the principal food of these people, are extremely scarce. The country people not being allowed to bring them in, by the Constitutional party, who have possession of the Lake.

"A battle was fought between the contending parties on the 24th inst., about three miles from this place, which I am sorry to say resulted in the defeat of the friends of the Constitution, who lost 80 men killed and wounded, and about 250 prisoners. The Commander-in-Chief was amongst the wounded. There was also a battle on the Lake the same day between the Constitutional squadron and several vessels belonging to the insurgents, who were supported by the troops from the city. It was quite an interesting spectacle, though rather a dangerous one to look at, as the bullets flew about the city like hail-stones in your country. News has just been received from Caracas, that the rebels have been put down to windward and that about 700 troops are on their march to this place, which I sincerely hope is correct, as in that event our city will soon again be restored to its former tranquility and prosperity."

**Dreadful Shipwreck, 224 Lives Lost.**—Accounts were received from Van Dieman's Land yesterday, announcing the total wreck of the convict ship Neva, when 224 persons were drowned. The Neva left Cork on the 8th of July, with 150 female convicts, 50 children, 9 free emigrants and a crew of 25 men, making all on board 241 persons. Of these only 15 had been saved. The vessel struck on an unknown shoal in Bass' straits, and immediately went down, drowning in all 224 persons. The captain, five of the crew, and most of the females were saved, but were on an island a week before rescued.—*London Paper.*

**Theft.**—There are two men now in the Merrimack County Jail, N. H., awaiting their trial for theft, committed a few nights since, under the following circumstances: It appears that their supply of hay the past season was not equal to the demand of their consumers; and having imbibed the principle inculcated by one of the prominent political parties of the day, that the rich have property which of right belongs to the poor, they proceeded to the barn of one of their more wealthy neighbors, late in the evening, when a furious snow storm was raging, with an ox team, pitch-fork, &c., and having procured a large load of the best hay within their reach returned home with their booty. But the fates were against them. The storm which they expected would cover over all traces of their misdeeds suddenly abated; and on the ensuing morning the loser discovered his loss, and easily traced the robbers to the barn where the hay was deposited. The evil doers were immediately arrested, examined before a Justice, and committed for trial.—*Lowell Courier.*

## VERMONT PHOENIX.

BRATTLEBORO, Vt.  
FRIDAY MORNING, JAN. 22, 1836.

The Convention at Montpelier closed its sittings on Monday last week, having adopted such of the proposed amendments as provide for the constitution of a SENATE, and rejected all the others. In our next paper we purpose to copy the adopted articles.

We have no accounts from Washington later than Thursday of last week, at which time the expected special Message had not been submitted to Congress. Public opinion had been on Monday last as the day when it would be transmitted. A New York administration paper says it will recommend nonintercourse.

**ABOLITION.**—Somebody has sent us for publication, an account of an abolition meeting held at Northampton, Ms. on the 13th inst., which Gen. Howland presided. The speakers said "four very lucid, logical, and pertinent addresses were delivered on the right free discussion, the natural and moral evil of slavery," &c. and adds, "It was clearly shown that the South could not make war on North, and dare not dissolve the Union, however much they may threaten it." And we understand by this "logical" argument, the weakness of the South is a justifiable reason why the North should "make war" on their peculiar rights and immunities. It were not prepared for such a "logical" reasoning from Rev. Doctors and Clergy Philanthropists. It embraces a principle in direct opposition to the rule given us by the vine Teacher sent from heaven, who has taught us to do unto others as we would have them do unto us. It is a principle which we subscribe, and will not be instrumental in disseminating. We consider the subject of very and its abolition as exclusively belonging to the States where it exists, and with which we have no better right to meddle, than slaveholder has to interfere with the education of our children or the disposal of our property. The holding of slaves is a right guaranteed the South by the federal compact, and a violation of that right by the citizens of the States is a violation of the Constitution under which we live,—a species of petty treason against the peace of the country; and we do not but that it may be within the competence of Congress to define at what point the measures now pursued in the non-slaveholding States shall be deemed high treason punishable with death.

**The Slave Question.**—The Governor of Massachusetts (Edward Everett) touches on this question in his message to the Legislature. Believing his views to be correct, we copy a whole of his remarks upon the subject.

"The country has been greatly agitated during the past year in relation to slavery, and of illegal violence and outrage have grown out of the excitement kindled on this subject different parts of the Union, which cannot too strongly be deplored nor too severely repressed. In this State and several of our sister States, slavery has long been held in estimation, as an evil of the first magnitude. It was fully abolished in this Commonwealth by the year 1783, by decisions of the courts, and by the interpretation placed on a declaration of equality in the bill of rights. But it existed in several of the States at the time of the adoption of the Constitution, a greater ratio to the free population of the country than at the present day. It was ever deemed a point of the highest public policy, by the non-slaveholding States, and standing the existence of slavery in these States, to enter with them into the Union, on the basis of the constitutional pact. That no Union could have been formed on any other basis, is a fact of historical notoriety. This compact expressly recognizes the existence of slavery; and concedes to those where it prevails the most important political privileges connected with it. Every effort tends to disturb the relations created by compact is at war with its spirit; and every, by direct and necessary operation, is related to excite an insurrection among the people, an offence against the peace of the Commonwealth, which may be prosecuted by a demagogue at common law. Although we may differ on this point, it would seem to be a fair case, under the peculiar circumstances, to imitate the example of our fathers the Adamses, the Hancocks, and other patriots of the revolution; who, although from the battles of liberty, and appearing as question as essentially an open case, nevertheless expedient to enter into it with our brothers of the slaveholding States on the principle of forbearance and compromise on this subject. As the genius of our institutions and the character of our people are irrepressibly repugnant to laws impairing the rights of speech and of the press, even for the repression of its abuses, the patriotism of the masses of citizens must be invoked to sustain a discussion which, by exasperating the passions, can have no other effect than to make more oppressive the condition of the slave, which, if not abandoned, there is great reason to fear, will prove the rock on which the Union will split. Such a disastrous consummation in addition to all its remediless pollution for every State in the Union, could befall, sooner or later, to bring on a war of extermination in the slaveholding States. Contrary, a conciliatory forbearance with to this subject in the non-slaveholding States would strengthen the hands of a small class of citizens at the South, who are the removal of the evil; whose voice has been heard for its abolition in legislative assemblies; but who are struck down and seduced by the agitation of the question, and it would leave this whole painful issue where the Constitution leaves it,—in the States where it exists, and in the hands of all-wise Providence, who, in his own time, is able to cause it to disappear. The slavery of the ancient world, under the operation of the gentle spirit of Christianity,

Who wants a wife?—Read the following sent us by a correspondent:

There is a young lady living in Brattleboro, Vt. about nineteen years of age, who within the last three years read a hundred volumes of bound books; a great variety of magazines, pamphlets and tracts, and the reading of five large newspapers weekly has in the same time read the Bible three times.